

## GOD'S SMILE.

When God upon our little world looks down,  
In its own serene eyes so passing great,  
Do rapt with tears, the pen, the sword, the crown,  
Playing its game of fortune, fame or state,  
Does he not smile, the patient One who knows,  
Keeping us gently in the onward way,  
Waiting, with kindly thought, the evening's close  
When we shall tire of play?

And life's vast tragedies, its sins and wrongs,  
Are they not but as wounds that children feel,  
A tale that to the nursery belongs  
Of hurts left for his tender touch to heal?  
Does he not smile, the good God of us all,  
Knowing how sure his love for every one,  
Making things right when evening's shadows fall  
And the rough play is done?  
—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

## The HONEYMOON

It was the day after the wedding and wet enough to damp the ardor of the most devoted of bridegrooms. And John Hampton was not the most devoted. He had married, as most cautious and selfish young men do, because he wanted a home and some one to look after his home comforts. He had tried housekeepers, but they had proved failures one and all. They wanted too many evenings out, and their appearance was not calculated to decorate any smart little suburban villa.

And so John meditated deeply about the matter. Should he hamper himself with a wife or should he engage another lady housekeeper and see how that worked?

"Why not combine the two and get a wife as well as a lady housekeeper?" thought John, and so he kept a sharp eye round him for a bright, pretty domesticated girl whom he could honor with his intentions with a view to matrimony.

And at last his diligent search was rewarded. Madeline Gray possessed every attraction and virtue that John had determined his pretty wife should have. She was pretty, brilliantly pretty. Her hair was like spun gold, and her eyes were as blue as the bluest of china; but, as John Hampton remarked, beauty was not everything, and Madeline's hands, though small and white, were the nimblest in the world. She could knit, and she could sew, she could wash, and, yes, she could even scrub, and do it all in the daintiest and most becoming manner too. Truly Madeline Gray was a jewel which only required the setting of that little Norwood villa to perfect.

And John Hampton thought himself extremely lucky when this model of virtues accepted his attentions and later his dignified proposal of marriage, and that was how he happened to be looking out of the window of his modest little apartments at Brighton one very wet day in May.

The scene was depressing enough. The sea looked dark and gloomy, the beach was deserted, and now and then a dejected looking individual enveloped in a mackintosh hurried along the parade with the seeming object of getting home as quickly as possible.

"Honeymoons are a mistake," said John to himself. "If I hadn't wanted a change of air, I shouldn't have come. It's an ideal morning for the seaside, I must say."

At that moment Mrs. Hampton entered the room, and he turned to greet her.

"Not a very charming morning, my dear, is it?" said he amicably.

"Well, what can you expect from a place like Brighton?" said his wife coolly. "It's all the same here whether it rains or shines."

John raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Why, my dear"—he began anxiously.

"You thought I liked Brighton, I suppose," interrupted Mrs. Hampton calmly. "Well, it's a pity you didn't trouble to inquire before. As you arranged this holiday yourself, you mustn't grumble, and now come and have your breakfast."

To say that Mr. Hampton was surprised is stating the case too mildly. He was simply astounded. He looked at his wife as at some Chinese puzzle. Was this self possessed and commanding woman really the meek and subdued little maiden he had married the day before?

And yet there she sat, her golden head as golden as ever, her eyes as blue, pouring out the coffee with as much sang froid as if she had been Mrs. Hampton for years.

"I presume you ordered this breakfast," she said as she finished her task.

"Yes, dear," said John. "Is there?"

"No, there isn't anything I like," she replied, without troubling him to finish his remark, and looking at the viands on the table. "Will you please ring the bell?"

John obeyed, and when the maid appeared she gave an order for a new laid egg and a piece of hot toast, passing the cold meat to her husband with the dignity of a queen.

And a very good breakfast she made too. John was rather taken aback. In his idea delicate and refined women should eat very little and of the daintiest viands, and this morning meal of his wife's surprised him as much as her manner had done. She had acted

so differently during their engagement. Evidently he had misunderstood her, and he determined to assert his authority as her lord and master at once. There was no time to lose. "Let a woman get the upper hand," thought John, "and your influence is gone forever."

And so, after the breakfast things were cleared away, he told her to put on her bonnet and accompany him for a long walk.

"Good gracious, John, are you mad?" said his wife. "In weather like this?"

"Certainly. It will do you far more good than stopping at home. Come, do as I tell you."

Mrs. Hampton looked at him scornfully.

"John Hampton," she said firmly, "if you like to go out and contract a chill, I've no objection, except that I shall have the trouble of nursing you, but don't take me quite for a fool. I shall stay indoors and write a long letter to mamma."

And so, very much crestfallen at his first attempt to assert his authority, John put on his hat and went down on the beach and amused himself by making ducks and drakes on the waves. But in time this sport became tame, and, after buying some cigarettes and a newspaper, he retraced his steps once more to the house.

On his way he passed a couple who were walking under a large umbrella. The man had his right arm round the girl's waist, and the girl held up a radiant face to his and was chatting charmingly. They appeared to be perfectly oblivious to the rain and everything but just themselves.

For some reason or other John sighed heavily and then to excuse himself of the weakness looked after them contemptuously and denounced them as deluded fools.

When he reached home, Mrs. Hampton met him at the door and asked him to kindly post her letters. There were two—one to mamma, certainly, but the other was addressed to a young man who had been a frequent caller at the maternal home until their engagement was announced.

"Excuse me," he said in a dignified manner. "May I be informed of the contents of this letter?"

"No, you may not," said Mrs. Hampton stiffly. "And your request is an insult. Pray make haste back, as luncheon is on the table."

And again John obeyed, though with very ill grace.

The next day Mrs. Hampton declared that honeymoons were very dull.

"You had better give notice here and pay the week's bills and take rooms at one of the best hotels. It will be a treat to see a few people at mealtimes even if one does not speak to them."

At this John made a strenuous protest. He hated a large gathering, he said, and much preferred a quiet life. Besides, he was hurt and mortified that she should so soon tire of his company. In a honeymoon a wife and husband should be all and all to one another. It should be a brief time sacred to themselves, a time when there should be no intrusions from the outside world.

But Mrs. Hampton only curled her pretty lips.

"That's all nonsense," she said, with a derisive laugh. "You only read about that sort of thing in books. In real life a marriage is a very prosaic matter. When we return to town and you go to business, it will be different. I shall entertain my friends then and shall have plenty to amuse me."

And so to the hotel they went, and after that Mrs. Hampton couldn't complain that she saw too much of John. She became a great favorite with the visitors there and was always joining in some expedition or the other, and it was with a great sigh of relief from the happy bridegroom that the holiday came to an end.

How pleasant the little villa at Norwood looked after those desolate rooms at the hotel. Even Mrs. Hampton admired John's taste at the manner in which they were furnished, and they sat down to tea in the little dining room for the first time together.

John took up his evening paper as was his wont and scanned it through, but raised his head suddenly at what sounded like a muffled sob.

"Madeline," he said anxiously, "what is the matter, dear?" And he jumped up and went to her side, whereupon the distressed one lifted a face rippling with laughter.

"Oh, John, dear John," she said. "Tell me, did you enjoy your honeymoon very much, dear?"

John hadn't, but he didn't say so. He caught the white hands held out to him and drew the owner to him.

"Madeline," he said, "did you?"

"Yes; I did," said Madeline, interrupting him in her usual way. "I wanted to give you a lesson, sir. You wanted to have things all your own way. I divined it from the first. You married me because you wanted a companionable housekeeper. Come, confess, sir. You didn't marry me because you loved me."

"But now, dearest," he said, still holding her close.

"Well, I think, thanks to my lesson, you do a little bit now."

And John confessed he did just a little bit, and his thoughts traveled back to that happy young couple under the

umbrella at Brighton.

"We'll have another honeymoon later on, Madeline," he said; "a real one this time."—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

## A Kipling Picture of Buffalo.

After Rudyard Kipling had spent a day or two in Buffalo in the eighties he thus described it: "Buffalo is a large village of a quarter of a million inhabitants situated on the seashore, which is falsely called Lake Erie. Once clear of the main business streets you launch upon miles and miles of asphalted roads running between cottages and cut stone residences of those who have money and peace. When you have seen the outside of a few hundred thousand of these homes and the inside of a few score, you begin to understand why the American does not take a deep interest in what they call 'politics' and why he is so vaguely and generally proud of the country that enables him to be so comfortable. How can the owner of a dainty chalet, with smoked oak furniture, imitation Venetian tapestry curtains, hot and cold water laid on, a bed of geraniums and hollyhocks, a baby crawling down the veranda and a self acting, twirly whirly hose gently hissing over the grass in the balmy dusk of an August evening—how can such a man despair of the republic?"

## The Jockey's Boy.

"The boy of a jockey's life is 'taking on flesh,'" says a jockey's. "He dreads this as a beauty leads to lose her charms, and his whole thought from the age of 16 to 25 is to avoid the catastrophe. This is the pernicious feature of the life and distinguishes it as a healthful sport from boxing or from football, in which the physical being is developed according to the laws of nature and is not outraged or balked. In order to reduce his weight nine pounds Monk Overton once remained in a Turkish bath from 10 p. m. one day until 2 p. m. the next, with no nourishment except a cup of tea and some toast.

"Again, Mike Bergen, mounted on a favorite, rode such a poor race that the stewards came to the paddock to investigate and punish him for fraudulent riding. They forgave the performance, however, when they found him collapsed and unable to speak. Knowing that he had to ride at a certain weight, Bergen had spent 48 hours in a Turkish bath, eating nothing whatever. When he reached the track, he was so weak that a stimulant was necessary. The one drink of whisky he took so demoralized his faculties that he could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle.

"Such a violation of physical development at the age when a boy should be most rapidly maturing makes it difficult for a jockey ever to become robust. Moreover, the mere riding of a race is a terrible drain on the nerve force of a jockey. A boy may lose a pound of weight in a hard race."

## Did Not Speak With Knowledge.

On a clear and beautiful Sunday morning in a parish not far from Milwaukee a priest was pleased to note the presence at service of an unusually large number of the male members of his congregation, and, since he had been informed of considerable trouble in his flock, he considered it an opportune time to give those present a friendly, yet pointed, sermon on forbearance. He charged the men, particularly the married men, to be ever kind, courteous and considerate to women, to overlook all opportunities for trouble, to be good to them and solicitous of their welfare, and finished with a masterly peroration relating to conjugal decency on the part of husbands.

Shortly after he met an old and respected member of the church and said:

"Michael, I was glad to see you at church Sunday. And how did you like the sermon?"

"Well, father," the old man answered, "the language was beautiful, and the delivery was fine; but, jabbers, father, if you was only married about three months you'd tell a different story!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Resented the Allegation.

Two men zigzagged unsteadily down Long street the other morning shortly after midnight. It was a case of "united we stand, divided we fall." Each of course was trying to steer the other safely home. At length No. 1 came up against a pole and held fast. No. 2 tried in vain to pull him forward. Then No. 1 became impatient at the other's obstinacy and spoke very frankly:

"Shay, you're—hic—you're a shump—thash what you are! I've seen worse men'n—hic—you in jail!"

This was more than No. 2 could stand. He felt that his honor as a gentleman had been sullied, and, bracing himself stiffly, he replied, with spirit:

"If you shay you've—hic—seen worse men'n me in jail, why—hic—you're a liar, thash what you are!"—Ohio State Journal.

## Don't Believe All You Hear.

A man in a railway carriage was snoring so loudly that his fellow passengers decided to awake him. One particularly sensitive old gentleman shook up the sleeper with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why, your snoring is annoying ev-



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ery one in the carriage," said the old gentleman testily.

"How do you know I'm snoring?"

"Why, we can't help but hear it."

"Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the culprit and went to sleep again.—London Standard.

## Took No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson," said the board of trade clerk. "You've married us, and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you \$2, the regular fee, now and call it square or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's \$100."

The clergyman looked long and earnestly at the energetic, determined young woman and sighed.

"Give me the \$2," he said.—Chicago Post.

## Athletic Appetites.

"The actual amount of good roast beef that a table of athletes will consume," writes Walter Camp in The Century, "is something appalling to the uninitiated. Three members of a Yale football team once went to Cambridge to watch a match between Harvard and some other team. These three men stopped at a hotel for their luncheon. Among other things the spokesman of the party ordered three portions of cold roast beef. 'But, sir,' said the waiter, 'two portions will be a great plenty for all three of you.' The giant of the party looked up blandly at the servant and said, 'You bring the three portions and then watch us eat it.'

"When the writer was captain of the team, long before the days of special method in management, the eleven were to play at Cambridge and, leaving New Haven the afternoon of the day preceding the match, went to a Boston hotel for dinner and the night. Most of the men were readily collected at one or two large tables, but a certain rusher, being late, had seated himself at a table in a distant part of the dining room, and he was told by the manager to order his own dinner. That boy's dinner, and it is needless to say that it was without wine, came to the extraordinary total of \$13.85! He was quite able to play the next day, however."

## The Joke on the Snake Charmer.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans when a young officer was on the Indian station in the man-of-war Delaware. With several others he set up a bungalow on shore. He tells in "A Sailor's Log," published by the Appletons, what happened to a snake charmer that came along:

"The unfortunate thought came to one of our men that it would be a good idea to get the Mohammedan drunk to see what he would do. So he prepared a dose for him that was very effective. He poured a good stiff drink of brandy into a beer glass and then filled it with gin instead of water. The charmer took kindly to the drink and in a short time rolled out of his chair on to the floor very drunk and was soon fast asleep.

"The bag of snakes had not been thought of up to this time, but it also fell, and the inhabitants quickly spread over the floor. In the meantime five American officers took to the table and, drawing their feet up, carefully remained there until the snake charmer slept off his dose. He snored quietly while the snakes crawled over and around him, but it was a long time before he finally came to himself, secured his pets and took them away. We did not repeat that experiment."

## Clocks With "Wheels."

"Clocks are certainly queer things," said the man who was tinkering at the hall clock in a suburban house the other day. "They get cranky spells just like people. Sometimes they really act as though they were bewitched. A

N: P:

## Lunch Counter

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## LEGAL PUBLICATIONS.

### Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Charles Burns, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Charles Burns, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Forsyth, Montana, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Rosebud.

MARTIN FORSYTHE,  
Administrator of the estate of  
Charles Burns, deceased.  
Dated Forsyth, Montana, May 15th, 1901.  
(First pub. in Rosebud Co. News, May, 23, 1901.)

friend of mine had a little clock that had behaved itself and kept good time for years. One day it took a notion to lay off for awhile, and they couldn't get it started again. My friend's wife was cleaning the room several days afterward, and she took the clock and laid it down flat on its back on a chair. It started to go at once and ticked away at a great rate, but as soon as she placed it on end it stopped again. Well, they set it, and for a time it acted all right as long as it remained on its back. But it soon got cranky again and refused to go. The other day, just for fun, they turned it upside down, and, would you believe it, that crazy clock started off again. Now it only runs when it is standing on its head, and they are wondering what new foolishness it will develop next."—Boston Record.

## Sleeping Car Ethics.

It seems that there is an unwritten code of sleeping car ethics which has its fine distinctions. The International says: "The seasoned traveler enters the Pullman as if it were a room in a club with which he is familiar, but which he has not visited for some time. He stows away his belongings, according to his habit, puts on his traveling cap and a pair of light shoes or slippers and overgaiters, gets out his newspapers and book and, not forgetting his smoking outfit, is ready to be comfortable. Be it remembered that if slippers be donned they must always be accompanied by overgaiters, for without these latter the slippers' foot is not permissible under the unwritten law of sleeping car travel."

## When California Was Unknown.

In an old geography printed in 1815 appears the following: "California is a wild and almost unknown land. Throughout the year it is covered with dense fogs, as damp as unhealthful. In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snows, which sometimes shoot columns to great heights. This would seem nearly incredible were it not for the well authenticated accounts of travelers."